

Dermatillomania

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians
Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance
Language: English
Characters: Hiccup, Jack Frost
Status: Completed
Published: 2013-07-22 11:02:21
Updated: 2013-07-22 11:02:21
Packaged: 2016-04-26 15:38:52
Rating: K+
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,654
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Dermatillomania: An impulse control disorder characterized by the repeated urge to pick at one's own skin, often to the extent that damage is caused. HiJack A.K.A HiccupxJack

Dermatillomania

****Hey Everybody!** So this here is my first hijack fic, so I apologize if it's bad or if the character's are really OOC. So, yeah, read on.**

****Warning:** Contains yaoi or boy/boy. If you don't like it, then go away.**

****Disclaimer:** I do not own Rise of the Guardians or How to Train Your Dragon.**

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><p>Dermatillomania: An impulse control disorder characterized by the repeated urge to pick at one's own skin, often to the extent that damage is caused.

Hiccup sighed as he closed the door behind him. He looked and smiled at the sight before him, his art easel all ready for him with a blank canvas resting on it. Hiccup hummed to himself as he went through some of the cupboards that covered the forest green walls. He finally chose a couple different shades of blue and squeezed a bit pf each onto his palette.

Hiccup picked up a paintbrush or two and started mixing some of his paint, to get it just the right color. A lovely, icy light blue. His boyfriend's favorite color. Hiccup smiled as he sat down on his stool in front of his easel while he thought about what he should paint. The plan was to paint something for Jack for his birthday, the

question was what to paint.

Hiccup nibbled on the end of his paintbrush while he rummaged through his mind, looking for inspiration. After a couple minutes, Hiccup set his palette and brush down on a small table next to him. As Hiccup continued to search his mind, his hands absently started roaming over his bare arms. Hiccup was only wearing a tank and shorts due to the "torturous" (according to Jack) weather outside.

Hiccup's one hand came to a stop when it skimmed over a small bump. Hiccup's brow furrowed as he looked down at the offending bump. Without hesitation, Hiccup's short fingernails started squeezing, digging and scratching at the small imperfection. Hiccup let out a sigh of relief as a small bit of white pus-like fluid emerged from the now bleeding bump. Hiccup then proceeded to look for the next imperfection for him to fix.

Hiccup felt his mind start to go into a trance as his fingers went into autopilot. Search and destroy. Hiccup felt at peace as his mind started thinking of ideas for Jack's gift at light speed while his fingers toiled away and left a bloody trail in their wake. In his mind, Hiccup could see the painting start to come to life. He could see the light blues and the whites, the frozen pond, the snow banks, the pine trees in the distance. . .

"Hiccup?"

Hiccup's body froze as his head whipped up to look at the door, his eyes wide and startled. Standing in the doorway was his boyfriend, Jack. Jack's brow was furrowed and concern filled his eyes.

"Yeah," Hiccup replied, his voice hoarse. Jack shook his head and rubbed the back of his neck.

"Oh Hiccy," he whispered softly under his breath. Hiccup was confused until Jack gestured for Hiccup to look at himself. Hiccup looked down and gasped at what he saw.

Angry, red, swollen marks were everywhere with over half of them bleeding. At some point, although Hiccup had no memory of it, his tank top had come off, and those red marks covered almost his entire chest and his arms. While Hiccup couldn't see it, he could feel the dull pain on his back and face, signaling to him that his fingers had laid waste to that part of his body as well.

Hiccup's breathing started to become shallow and faster as guilt and shame overcame him. He did it again. Why couldn't he just stop? Hiccup could practically hear his father now.

"For the love of Thor, stop picking! I swear I'm going to put mittens on you! What is everybody else going to think when they see those marks on your arms? It's not that hard Hiccup!"

Hiccup could see his father's face as well. The disappointment and shame always apparent on the old man's face. Hiccup's breathing sped up even more as seemingly all of his skin started to ache. He had actually been doing well.

Hiccup's breath caught when he felt a hand on his shoulder. He looked up to see that Jack was face to face with him. A kind, sad smile on

his face.

"It's okay Hic. It happens. Let's go get you cleaned up, okay?" Hiccup nodded numbly as he took the hand Jack offered him and followed him into the bathroom down the hall. Hiccup listened to Jack and sat on the edge of the bath while Jack looked through the bathroom closet to come out with neosporin and a box full of band-aids.

Hiccup just sat and watched as Jack got out a washcloth and wet it down before he came and sat next to Hiccup. Hiccup sat numbly as Jack gently started to dab at the bleeding and sticky bumps. Hiccup didn't even wince as Jack applied more pressure to his "wounds". Hiccup was so used to that dull pain that it didn't really bother him anymore.

"Some of these are going to get infected," Jack said as he moved to Hiccup's chest. Hiccup rolled his eyes.

"They all get infected at some point." Jack paused in his administrations for a moment, before he reached over and smacked Hiccup over the head.

"Owww! What was that for?!"

"Just because you relapsed, doesn't mean you can get all grumpy and depressed on me. All this means is that we found another one of your triggers. Next time you need to think of an idea, we'll make sure your hands have something to do. Like a rubic's cube or something."

Hiccup stared at Jack in shock before he smiled and shook his head. Jack never ceased to amaze him. That fact Jack had said "we" and not "you" made Hiccup feel worlds better. That was what made Jack different than everybody else. He never criticized Hiccup or made comments about Hiccup's lack of self control. To Jack, it was a problem that they were going to solve together, not something Hiccup had to deal with by himself.

"Okay," Hiccup said quietly. A grin once again graced Jack's features as he went back to administering to Hiccup. After a bit, Jack finished wiping the remaining blood off and applied neosporin and band-aids to the particularly bad spots. Once he was done and started putting the supplies away, a question popped into Hiccup's mind.

"Jack?"

"Yeah?"

"Do my scars and scabs. . .bother you? Or gross you out?" One of the biggest effects of Hiccup picking at his skin everyday for almost 10 years was the countless small scars that covered his arms, chest, legs and face. When he was in school, Hiccup had gotten countless questions about it, about where the scars and scabs had come from. It was a different excuse each time, with Hiccup's favorite being bugbites.

Jack turned to look at Hiccup with a thoughtful look on his face. It was a moment before the thoughtfulness was replaced with love.

"It makes me sad to know that you felt the pain of each scar, but no, it doesn't gross me out, bother me, or disgust me. I love you and the scars are part of you, so I love them too." Hiccup let out a breath of relief. He felt all the tension and worry leave his chest.

With a smile on his face, Hiccup stood up and cupped Jack's face in his hands before he pulled him in for a kiss. While it wasn't long, it was comforting and Hiccup felt himself relax. After they pulled away, Jack pulled Hiccup into a hug. Hiccup wrapped his arms around his lover and held on tight.

"Thank you," Hiccup whispered as he buried his face in Jack's neck. Jack pressed a quick kiss to one of the band-aids on Hiccup's neck.

"Your welcome." They stayed like that for a moment before Jack pulled away.

"Now what do you say we go watch Despicable Me?" Hiccup froze and looked down for a moment. Hiccup always seemed to pick whenever he watched movies.

"I've got a way to fix that." Before Hiccup could look up to see the devilish smile on Jack's face, Jack grabbed his wrist and dragged him to the living room. He made Hiccup wait for him while he got the DVD in and going.

Then Jack plopped down in the middle of the couch. He patted his lap.

"Sit." Hesitantly, Hiccup lowered himself onto Jack's lap. After Hiccup settled in and got comfy, Jack grabbed Hiccup's hands and laced his fingers through his own.

"There," Jack pressed a kiss to Hiccup's cheek, "Problem solved."

Dermatillomania only has a 1% success rate, and while Hiccup knew it would be a long road, with Jack at his side, he knew it was only a matter of time before he would be completely scab-free.

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><p>So what did you guys think? I hope you all liked it! If you did, then please leave a review or fave it! Both of those result in free imaginary cookies!

**In case you couldn't tell, I suffer from Dermatillomania and have since I was about 11 or 12. I've been very frustrated with myself lately and my picking has gotten worse. That's when this idea popped into my head and writing it made me feel better. **

Now if I could just find a guy as awesome as Jack. . .

**Once again, I apologize if this is bad. **

But, anyways, Happy Reading! :-)

End
file.